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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1915.

That gluttony kills more than the sword was said before machine guns were invented.

A Great Comedy in Preparation

FORTUNATELY for Mr. Wilson, Thomas Jefferson is dead, and he cannot rise to ask impertinent questions of the speakers at the Jefferson birthday dinner, when an attempt is to be made to commit the Democracy of the State to the support of a movement for the renomination of the President.

The great Democrat, the father of his party, believed that that Government was best which governed the least, and not all the king's horses nor all the king's men could have pulled out of him an indorsement of a project for launching the Government into the shipping business or for creating a governmental commission to tell business men how to run their business or for regulating the prices at which commodities were to be sold.

So it will be interesting to observe the way in which the Democrats, gathered to honor Jefferson, steer their eulogies of Wilson through the dangerous field of mines loaded with common sense that surrounds the philosophy of the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence. Their efforts will add to the gaiety of nations, whether they increase Mr. Wilson's glory or not.

Is Uncle Sam to Neutralize Neutralizers? THE suggestion for the neutralization of Mexico City, with which Mr. Bryan has been trying, is said to have come from a representative of Great Britain in the Mexican capital. It was thrown out as a possible way of protecting the foreigners of all nationalities whose business interests keep them in Mexico. The Englishman, it seems, did not think that the Mexicans could do any neutralizing on their own account. He thought that the United States, possibly assisted by one or more of the other interested Powers, might send a sufficient armed force to Mexico City and to the important stations on the Vera Cruz-Mexico City Railroad to protect the lives and property of natives and foreigners alike.

Such a way of bringing about neutralization would also be a sort of peaceful intervention. But if our neighbors across the border are to be allowed to kill and murder one another to their hearts' content while foreigners who happen to get in the way of the bullets must accept the consequences of their proximity to trouble, how is it possible for us to interfere with the freedom to riot and plunder which President Wilson praised the last time he permitted the public to know what was in his mind about Mexico?

Neutralization might succeed if the United States should set out to neutralize the neutralizers. And then, again, it might not be any more successful than when Washington set out to get Huerta to apologize for insulting the flag.

The Poor Man's Fertilizer MORE good than evil was wrought by the Easter snowstorm which swept along the Atlantic coast from North Carolina to Maine. If it had been rain, it would have run into the streams, washing surface soil away with it. Instead, it lay on the earth, a warm blanket, melting slowly and sinking into the ground, watering the roots of all the growing things and carrying its beneficent moisture to the subsoil, where it will be stored until it is needed later. Such a snow is known in some parts of the country as the poor man's fertilizer, because of its recognized benefits to the farmer.

The inconvenience which is caused the town dweller was slight in comparison with its blessings to the country. Saturday afternoon and evening might have been in the heart of the winter, but Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny and the walks were quickly cleared, and many of the streets by night were almost as dry as before the snow began to fall. There will be little of it left in town tonight. Yet it will be a topic of conversation for the next 20 years, and the time of the Easter blizzard of 1915 will be a date from which to reckon, like the year of the great wind in Ireland or the blizzard of March, 1885.

An Effort to Can the Deficit THE Treasury Department is showing commendable zeal in its effort to get rid of the deficit. The interesting Government periodical, known to the curious as Treasury Decisions, contains each week one or more rulings taking an imported commodity from a classification at a low rate of duty and putting it in a classification at a higher rate. The desire to raise revenue is so strong that the Democratic instinct for a low tariff is overcome. No thick-and-thin protectionists could increase the duty on imports with more satisfaction than the Democratic officials are manifesting.

The latest application of this zeal for revenue, regardless of Democratic theories, has fallen upon imported beets in cans. They have been admitted at a duty of 5 per cent ad valorem, levied upon "beets of all kinds." Canned vegetables, however, are taxed at 25 per cent ad valorem. The New York Collector of Customs saw an opportunity for more revenue and he advised the Secretary of the Treasury that the classification of beets should be changed. After a careful consideration of the case in its legal and economic and political bearings, Assistant Secretary Malone has informed Collector Malone that canned beets "have lost their identity as beets" and are properly dutiable as canned vegetables, and has directed that as so interpreted.

Understatement is a literary vice, of which the writers of the weather prognostications should beware. They said on Saturday that it would probably rain, which was hardly an adequate description of what happened.

THE APPEAL TO PUBLIC OPINION

Business Men Are Waking Up to a New Recognition of Their Civic Importance, and for a Weapon the Choice Is Publicity.

By VANCE THOMPSON

DURING the last five years of Mr. Roosevelt's worthy and active presidency over 62,000 laws were passed by Congress and the State Legislatures. That makes for thought. But there is more to come; for in addition to these 62,014 new laws the national and State courts of last resort handed down 65,379 decisions.

You see that neither the politicians nor the judges were idle. What was the meaning of their swift and fierce activity? Against whom did they mobilize this savage army of laws and decrees? Well, you know the politicians. You may be fairly sure they did not permit this army of laws to march against any political stronghold. And it is a fact (gloomy in its significance) that these laws, in a great degree, were aimed at business, at the conduct of business and at business men.

And the business men woke up. There Might Have Been No War

And who (I would ask in an oratorical luncheon way) is the business man? The answer belongs to A. R. Marsh, and he put it this way: "Whatever the politicians (even the most persuasive of them, President Wilson himself) may think or say, the welfare of modern society depends upon the 'merchants,' the business men. From them and from them alone flow the streams of creative energy and of sagacious initiative, of continuous fruitful effort, which turn to the advantage of all every new means which is discovered for improving the lot of mankind." And he added emphatically: "In a democratic society, where the end and aim of public policy is the ultimate good of all citizens and not some object extraneous to this general good, it is to the business men that resort must be had for the determination both of what should be done and of the methods of doing it."

You see, the basis of modern life is not politics but business; in the discussion of all the high problems of the State the voice of the business man should be most loudly heard. Indeed, Judge Elbert H. Gary (at a dinner) went a bit further; he said the affairs of nations should be settled by the business men of the world. He referred to a meeting in London at which representatives of the iron and steel industries of America and Europe met in friendly conference. And he said:

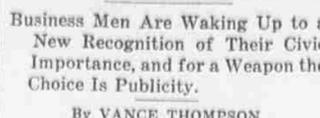
"If the large numbers of business men who represented on this memorable occasion all of the countries engaged in the iron and steel industry could have had opportunity to consider and determine the questions leading up to the war which is raging in Europe there would have been no war. These intelligent, experienced, practical, sensible and Christian men, being from time to time in close contact and therefore well acquainted with each other, would have been patient, considerate and fair-minded and would have made adjustments and reached conclusions calculated to protect the interests of all and to prevent the possibility of the present deplorable hostility."

Stern and Thoughtful Luncheons At a dozen thoughtful luncheons—at a score of grave dinners—this new note has been sounded. It has been pointed out to the business man that he, and not the politician, is the basis of national life; and that he, and not the scheming politician—"progressive" or reactionary—should make the laws and enforce the national policy. And Elihu Root (eating the oysters of the Union League Club of Philadelphia) declared that in the hands of the business men lay our national destiny.

"Business men," he said, "should not receive the aspersions which have been heaped upon them, lying down. Don't be afraid to assert yourselves! If you cringe to bureaucracy things will go from bad to worse, and the most vital possession of a free people will be lost—the independence of individual character." And again, at a stern meditative luncheon of the Merchants' Association of New York Mr. Root said that the machinery of government would have to be reformed; "we must learn a lesson from business, from business men, from the great business geniuses of our country and apply that lesson to the affairs of our Government."

The business men are awake; they have "learned to speak"—at menacing luncheons and dinners. In the past, as George W. Perkins said at a dinner of the Economic Club of New York, the business men of our country have been so obsessed with chasing the "almighty dollar" that they have neglected their civic duties. That day has gone by. He would be a poor observer who did not see that hereafter the business men—and the business organizations—will have to be reckoned with. They have come to a sudden realization of the fact that they are the essential part of the nation, the makers and the merchants; and that, in these days, a nation cannot live unless it is founded upon

RIGHT HERE AT HOME



the broadest and kindest industrial co-operation.

What that trouble is has been stated in, perhaps, the most philosophic way by George W. Perkins when he said it is a conflict between the old economies and the new; in recent years a myriad of inventions having to do with steam and electricity have made possible the expansion of man's energies and opportunities; and at the same time a myriad of laws have been enacted, having as their one and only object the contraction of man's energies and opportunities. "The inventor has headed in one direction, the lawmaker in exactly the opposite direction." This is sound thinking and it is sound criticism. In an industrial and commercial nation prosperity is impossible unless the Government, as defined in its laws, goes with—and not against—the makers of industry and the agents of commerce, be they investors, laborers or consumers.

To the Polls It is, you will say, the fault of the business men themselves. They have left the direction of public affairs to the faddists, the old book badgering professors of archaic economic doctrines and the roaring playboys of the political world. Their bad idea of political influence has been the dirty chaffering of the legislative body or the dirtier bartering with corrupt and predatory judges. That old bad way of doing things is well-nigh at an end. The new way leads straight to the primary and the polls. And its chief weapon is publicity. I do not mean the passionate oratory of the dinner table, but the higher principle of publicity in business. It would be unfair to use my own words when Mr. Perkins dined nobly that his might be heard, so here they are:

"I am a firm believer in publicity as a safeguard for most industrial firms and as a safeguard for the public's interest. The law of publicity is about the only law governing the President of the United States, to whom the people give vast power. It would be impossible to have any code of laws, minutely defining the power of the President that could possibly be as effective as the power of publicity which constantly regulates and controls him. What better precedent could we have for the regulation and control of our semipublic servants in our great industrial world?"

In other words the business men are going to appeal to the high court of public opinion that they who make the nation may make its laws.

SPRINGTIME IN CAROLINA Out in the lonely woods the Jasmine burns its fragrant lamps and turns into a royal court with green festoons The banks of dark lagoons.

In gardens you may roam amid the dearth, The crocus breaking earth; And near the snowdrops tender white and green, The violet in its screen.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by And brings, you know not why, A feeling as when eager crowds await Before a palace gate. Some wondrous pageant.

—Henry Timrod.

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

- (1) Atlantic Monthly—"The War and the Way Out."
(2) Collier's—"A Visit to the Kaiser and His War Lords."
(3) World's Work—"Old Fisher and the British Fleet."
(4) Everybody's—"Russia's Red Road to Berlin."

WAR

AS SPRING draws near and the snows melt and the roads open, the millions of troops who have been marking time in their trenches for the last four or five months, are preparing to strike decisive blows from their various vantage points. In this country, magazine interest in the war, which lagged a bit toward the end of the winter, has burst forth with corresponding vigor, presenting nearly 40 war articles in the April magazines, as many as there were in any of the first few months following the beginning of hostilities. Six of the leading magazines alone present 24 of these articles, and the subjects of these are: Ten general and descriptive, five on England, five on Germany and four on peace and the probable results of the war.

An article by G. Lowes Dickinson in December, considering the possibility of establishing permanent peace, has been perhaps one of the most notable and widely commented upon articles produced by the war thus far. It is succeeded in this month's Atlantic Monthly by another article on "The War and the Way Out" (1). Mr. Dickinson, who is an English publicist, writes with almost as much frankness as did G. B. Shaw in his memorable "Common Sense About the War."

Policy playing on ignorance—that is the origin of wars. The war came out of the European system of States armed against one another and dominated by mutual suspicion and fear. While that system continues, war will continue, says Mr. Dickinson. He continues:

"At the origin of this war there was no good cause at all. It was one of the many wars for power and position. Englishmen, it is true, have been strongly moved by the invasion of Belgium, and I throw no doubt on the genuineness of their feelings. But it was not the invasion of Belgium that made the war. The origin of the war was ambition and fear."

Those who really desire a settlement that will secure peace in the future must abandon the idea of "crushing" Germany. We are fighting, say our best spirits, for freedom and against domination. What do these terms mean? By domination we mean the imposition of rule by force upon unwilling subjects. In the relation of man to man, the simplest form of domination is slavery. In that of state to state its form is empire. By freedom, on the other hand, we mean the power and right of individuals and of nations to live their own lives and unfold their own capacities.

There can be no peace, not even genuine desire for peace, until men realize that the greatness of a people depends upon the quality of life of the individual citizens. It is because our peace is so bad that we fall into war. If men had given to the creation of life a tithe of the devotion they have offered again and again to its destruction, they would have made of this world so glorious a place that they would not need to take refuge from it in the shambles.

An Interview With the Kaiser Ex-Senator Beveridge describes in Collier's a two-hour interview with the Kaiser at his headquarters in northern France. It might be called the "scoop" of the war, if only the Senator had told us what the Kaiser said. But aside from a minute description of the Kaiser's height, weight and complexion, the Senator is diplomatically dumb, gliding deftly on to interviews with the heads of the German army and navy. Says the Senator:

There is nothing pompous, nothing even pretentious in the bearing of William II. One's first impression is that of a great man who is also a pleasant, simple-minded gentleman, with an agreeable personality, charged with that engaging quality called magnetism. One's second impression is that of immense vigor, abounding physical vitality and searchlight mental alertness. With it all you are instantly put at your ease.

His Majesty does not look older than his age of 57, suggests. The mustache is gray, and the hair almost white, the gray-blue eyes are clear. His expression is intense and full of nervous force. The complexion is pale, with a faint tinge of color; the lips are healthfully red. Under the open air wrinkles, but not more than one sees on the faces of most active men of the Emperor's age. The features are not full, as shown by portraits of a year ago; still, they are they haggard, as they appear in photographs taken soon after the war began. While physically as well as mentally the Emperor shows extraordinary animation, there is a calmness and steadiness that surprises you, because of the denunciations to the contrary so universally published.

The Paradox of Warfare Many of the paradoxes anti-militarists, who are most violently opposed to war under any excuse, feel that when war does break out, it should be carried on with every imaginable brutality, in order that it may wear itself out of its own violence as rapidly as possible. They smile at the so-called rules of

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WAR

civilized warfare as sophistries and paradoxes. Lord Fisher, the admiral of the English navy, expresses this view very forcefully in an article by William Crobin in the World's Work (3):

Take for example Lord Fisher's celebrated description of war: "The humanizing hell of civilized warfare, expressing this view very forcefully in an article by William Crobin in the World's Work (3):

When the war broke out, we read with thrills descriptions of shells bursting a mile away, and the war correspondent's analysis of this confused state, half-elation, half-fright, when first under fire. But now the writer has to do more than that to get a response from his reader. Perceval Gibbon, who has represented the London Daily Chronicle with the Russian troops in Poland ever since the war began, gives an extremely vivid and thrilling description of a German charge in this month's Everybody's (4):

The nights have a Russian flavor; they are cold, edged like a knife, fanged like a wolf with cruel cold. The war has not been found till the next day die of it. Yet these are the nights in which the Germans come down from behind their foremost trenches, backed by a couple of rifle divisions and shelling, a couple of battalions at a time, and surge across the narrow strand between their defenses and the water, the lines of them swaying back and forth under the scourge of the Russian fire.

Down into the water they go, the water that bites like vitriol, stamping through the ice under the bank, bearing ever forward against the farther bank that is lighted like a festive street with the blaze of rifles and mitrailleuses. Armpit deep, with their rifles upheld above their heads, clear of the water, the searchlights make a mad, mad, mad, mad, madly bewilderingly pointing them out to the immediate finger of death, they come! I was in the position when they attacked in force. Four times between dark and sunrise. Four times down into that water in the face of fire, four times blown off their feet by the rifles and the pretty little machine guns that do their work so devilishly, four times shattered and ground into a watery staining pulp of broken flesh—and next night they attacked again. "They held their fire till the enemy was within 40 feet," said an official account; but I have better information; they held out till the enemy was within 20 feet. They waited in the sheltered trench, peering across the breastwork, while the charge raged down upon them.

Dying men, slaughtered by shrapnel, were writhing at the trench bottom among their feet, or shrieking in the insupportable agony of wounds; pain, deadly wrath and murder were afloat in men's minds like opposite fire in the frosty night; all is frantic, a nightmare of noisy horror, and the Siberians holding their fire! Holding it, waiting in the stolid calm of their half-Mongol minds till each bullet would drive through a file of Germans; and then at the tactical moment letting go the hurricane of bullets that mows down the charging men like a scythe shearing through grass.

The Buzza is a little river, but still it is 50 yards wide. Upon that night it was dammed by the German dead, a barge of bodies that held up the water for awhile and then floated away, it going down the current to the Vistula. German husbands and fathers traveling back to Germany upon that river which has borne in its time so many dead down to Danzig.

WE GO BLUNDERING ON

The whole universe goes blundering on, but surely arrives. Collision and dispersion in the heavens above and failure and destruction among living things on the earth below, yet here we all are in a world good to be in! It is as if the Creator played his right hand against his left—what one loses the other gains.—John Burroughs in the North American Review.

HOLD THE FORT

By I. G. TRACY Ho, ye freemen in the battle With the hosts of sin, Gird ye with God's mighty armor— We will surely win.

Hold the fort, for we are gaining; Brumbaugh leads the way: We will work for Local Option And shall gain the day.

Long and fierce the conflict rages, But in God we trust, For in him we have a leader— Conquer now we must.

We are gaining to the battle For our cause so dear, As the clouds are disappearing— Victory is near.

In the warfare with this evil Make no compromise; Let there be no compensation— Fight until it dies.

CONVENTIONALITY OF BOHEMIANISM

EVERY one reckons among his acquaintances a few persons who profess a proud superiority to convention. Not for them the starched collar, the humdrum four-in-hand tie and all that goes with them. No doubt these persons feel very original in this. And superior, too. They have emigrated to Bohemia. They have turned their backs even upon the Turkish cigarette now, once their trusted friend, their indispensable badge of identification. These people seek the mythical land where the necktie flows, where the hair waves in defiance of the barber, where thought is unblushing and speech is unconfined.

The joke on these people is that nothing is so conventional as their way of escape from the conventions. They simply swap a large cage for a smaller one. They sit in a prison and rail at the cramping fence around the universe outside. You have seen these persons of the loose locks and ruffled hats at their eating places—little green-painted cellars, always French or Italian by profession—always dining with widely advertised delight the same old olives, little bitter almonds; always the same minestra, the same Philadelphia fish in a disguise of bay leaves; the same cold storage Chicago chicken, labeled "Casciatiere" on the oleaginous "carte du jour"—always the bill of fare is a "viete du jour."

And then track these persons to their lairs, and what do you find? The same little cell up three flights of twisty stairs. The "atmosphere" consists of the usual pipe or cigarette smell; there is the levigated Venza de Mio, the usual stela on the raft, the usual picture called "Heathcote"; the tumbled cushions, the same chatter about art, accompanied by much rolling of the eyes and a fine disregard of the

hours immediately succeeding midnight. They are all alike. Bohemianism produces little but a feeling of sleepiness the next morning.

Whereas the conventions are the soil whence everything unconventional is sprung, you can do anything within the conventions. Most crimes, even the interesting ones, are conventional. If four-in-hand ties had been vogue in Homer's time, he would certainly have worn one while composing the "Iliad." Certainly you may say this much here and now—that the wearing of a four-in-hand does as little to prevent, as eating bitter olives does to promote, the composing of an "Iliad." The late Augustus St. Gaudens dressed like a business man, without hurting in the least the qualities of his statue of General Sherman. The trouble with Bohemianism is that it is such an occupation in itself. The Bohemian is kept so tamed busy just being a Bohemian. The effort to be original leaves him so little time for originality.

No, being a Bohemian is taking to the fire escape when there is no fire. The real escape from the conventions lies inside the human head, not on the outside of the human person. The real escape from the conventions is not to defy them, but to use them. Conventions are great labor-saving devices—that's why they have been invented. A man dresses like other men in order to have time in which to differ from other men in his deeds. The ordinary pants of commerce are not a hindrance, but the greatest aid to originality. They walk you to the office, to the studio, to the counting room, to the stage door, where originality counts for something.

No man is such a slave to convention as you see Bohemian. HUBSTON BLINNE